

just a matter of time by lilibug

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-10-11

Updated: 2018-10-10

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:48:29

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,399

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A place to keep my collection of mileven prompt fills of varying degrees. From riding tandem bikes, and rescuing kittens to finding themselves in each other a thousand times over.

just a matter of time

Author's Note:

“We both wanted to rent a bike for an hour, but the only one they have is a tandem bike” AU + Mileven
wiggles eyebrows

Thanks to [@stark](#), my bff for the prompt and for editing this guy for me! <3

“I’m sorry, would you mind repeating that?”

The store attendant squirmed under his scrutiny, staring up at him.
“We don’t have any more bikes for rent.”

Mike blinked, looking up and around the store that had racks of bikes scattered around in varying shades and styles. “This is a bike store, how do you not just... have an endless supply of them?”

“Well, the rentables are all out for the moment. The only ones we have available are for purchase.”

“Well, that’s bullshit,” Mike snorted.

His friends were all collecting their bikes for rental to ride along the boardwalk. He was going to be the *only* one without one. This vacation was already off to a great start. So much for California.

Sure there were probably plenty of other bike shops, but it would almost be more trouble than it was worth to drag his friends to the next one or heaven forbid ask them to wait for him.

“Well, we do have *one* left... but it’s a tandem bike.”

Whipping his head back around, he furrowed his brows and immediately cycled through his friends and who he thought might be willing to ditch their single and ride with him. Or, *or*, maybe he could convince Max and Lucas to ride together and he could have one

of their bikes.

Yeah, fat chance of any of that happening.

"I don't — my group is odd numbered. I don't have anyone to ride it with."

The cashier gave Mike a sad sort of look, as he tried not to sputter and spiral further into the hole he'd already seemingly dug.

"I'll ride with you."

Blinking, he turned toward the soft voice and his attention fell on a honey-haired girl that was waiting a ways away from the counter. Had she been there this whole time? Listening to him circle through the stages of grief?

She tilted her head, waves bobbing about her shoulders as she offered him a shrug. "I was also trying to rent a bike, we might as well go together and split the cost."

It was nothing short of shocking that she would offer so willingly and because of that he was a little wary. But the brightness of her smile and the sharp points of her canines as she chewed on her bottom lip had him rethinking his whole existence.

She took one step closer to him and scent of salt water taffy wafted up to greet him along with her hand along his forearm. "It'll be fun, I promise," she said with a *wink*.

Wow, she was really pretty.

Brain short circuiting, all he could do was say, "Okay."

"Great!" She turned to the cashier and suddenly they were paying for this bike and he was handing over a tenner like it was nothing.

Then they were staring at each other, or rather, he was staring down at her.

"My name's El," she prompted, smoothing her hands down the jean shorts he'd only just noticed she was wearing.

Tearing his eyes away from her legs (ridiculously smooth looking and tanner than his entire family could ever dream to be) he ran a hand through his hair and sucked in a breath. "I'm—"

"Hey, Mike, *let's go* already, you wastoid!" Max lovingly called after poking her head into the shop.

"—Mike."

El's giggle was like a thousand little butterflies taking flight in his belly.

"Are those your friends?" She was peering around him at the group loitering around the front of the store, assembled on their bikes and ready to zoom down the boardwalk.

"Oh, uh, yeah. I hope you don't mind. Wait — are you here by yourself?" And suddenly his mind launched into overdrive. "Why are you by yourself? Do you live here? Or are you on vacation, too?" He was talking with his hands again and caught himself, forcing them into the pockets of his shorts that he only just now realized he'd probably grown out of last summer.

As his mother put it, he'd sprouted another two inches since May.

She shook her head, hands fiddling with the edge of her flowery top. "I'm on vacation with my *dad*." Her nose crinkled up and she rolled her eyes. "But I had to get away from him for a while. This is supposed to be *my* vacation before college, after all."

"Oh! Okay, cool. I mean, not cool that you're on vacation with your dad, because I know how family vacations are and they *suck*. But cool that you're able to do something by yourself. We're on vacation too — my friends and I — Max lived here for a long time and we're staying with her dad—"

Her hand was on his arm again, "Mike."

Slightly out of breath he looked down at her, grin stretched across her lips that were shiny with lip gloss or chapstick or something that he very much wanted to find out what it was.

He sucked in a breath, “Yeah?”

“You’re funny.”

His eyebrows rose along with the bubbles in his chest. “I am?”

She nodded, fingers grasping his arm a little tighter and tugging him toward the door. “Yes. Now let’s go.”

In two strides, he was the one pulling her out the door. As his friends turned to look at him, he felt the burn of her hand on his arm and his cheeks heat for reasons other than the heat of sun.

“Michael, who is your new friend there?” Dustin called appreciatively, tipping his baseball hat up and squinting over in there direction with a wolfish grin.

“Oh, this El,” he pulled his arm away to gesture to her, before reaching up to rub at the back of his neck. “They uh, only had a tandem bike left. So she offered to ride with me.”

There was a collective murmur from the group, as they appraised the girl next to him who waved her fingers at them shyly.

“Are you sure you want to ride with him? I could tell you some things about Wheeler here that might change your mind—”

“*Max*,” he muttered darkly, throwing her a pointed look to which she snickered.

“Mike seems nice. You all do.” El offered them a shrug, peeking up at him through her lashes.

Lucas flashed her a grin, “Welcome aboard. Now, let’s get going before I die of a heatstroke over here.” He received a swift kick to the shin from his girlfriend, who rolled her eyes.

Seeming to have forgotten his manners, he turned to El and placed his hand on her shoulder to point to everyone and introduce them — since they were going to be spending a little time together.

“Maybe we can grab some ice-cream while we’re out? We’ve got the

bikes for a couple hours, could be fun,” Will suggested with a shrug.

El’s face lit up, waves bouncing as she nodded. “Oh, that sounds fun. I’m in.”

“Alright, losers, let’s go .” Max shooed them toward where the store attendant was bringing the two-person bike out from the back of the store.

An ominous feeling loomed over him, the thought of embarrassing himself completely flashing through his mind like one of his nightmares.

Wiping his palms on the thighs of his shorts, Mike gestured to the bike after glancing at El. “You should probably — definitely sit at the front.”

“Tall.”

His cheeks felt hot again, shoulders hunching a little as he nodded. “Y—yeah.”

El poked him in the side and he wiggled away from her finger, almost falling over, startled.

“It’s okay, Mike. You’re about the same height as my dad.” Then she was turning towards the bike and swinging a leg over the first seat and settling down. She jerked her chin over her shoulder, gesturing behind her. “Come on.”

Taking a slow breath in, he placed one hand on the handle bar just behind her hips and swung a leg over to settle on the second seat. Immediately, he realized with a gulp that El’s top exposed almost her whole back — just as smooth and tan as her legs. *No tan lines*, he couldn’t help but notice, tearing his eyes away from the thin strings that held the garment closed.

She was looking over her shoulder at him now, mirth in her amber eyes.

“A—are you ready?” He asked, clearing his throat.

“Yes. Are you?”

Mike nodded, “Let’s do this.”

Author's Note:

If you follow me on tumblr you could shoot me a request! Or just watch me reblog the snowball scene a thousand times. Whichever.

[@jane-hoppers](#)